

SPORT upon SPORT:

OR THE

LONDON Frolick.

CONTAINING

The Running of the Rats in Smithfield,
the whipping of the Blind Bears at Islington and St. Jones's; The Rising of Paul's
Steeple, and the Downfal of Popery.
Great News from Tripoly; The Devil's
Dead, and his Wife's turn'd Pawn-
Broker.

AS ALSO,

A Strange and Wonderful Relation of an
Old Woman's Cat that Kitten'd a
Mag-Pye near Newcastle, to the Admi-
ration of all that saw it.

With many other Comical Varieties ne-
ver before Publish'd.

Written by BEN. JOHNSON.

London: Printed for the Old Woman's Cat at
Newcastle. 1708.



SPORT upon SPORT:

OR THE

Holiday-Diversion, &c.

S *Mithfield is a brave Market*, says the Country Gra-sier, when his Beeves and Muttons bear a good Price there, but when there's as great a Glut of Cattle (which sometimes happens) as there's Whores at a *Play-House*, then they swear every Inch of the Ground is Curs'd, for the sake of the *Bandy-Houses* that are yearly kept on it. *How should the Ground be Lucky*, (says an old Weather-beaten Stallion) *when there's so much Cheating, Lying and Swearing, every Friday among the Horse-Gourfers and Jockies, and on Mondays among the Salesmen and Butchers.* Nay, Faith, Brother Stump, let the Saddle be set on the right Horse, (says a Squint-Ey'd Butcher of *Field-Lane*) If we Lye and Cheat sometimes about buying or selling of Flesh, we are seldom guilty of stealing any, as such superannuated Leachers as you are : Out upon you, for a nasty Cunny-fumbling Animal ; you are a worse Thief than the Miller of *Croydon*, that stole Five Pecks of Corn out of a Bushel. I won't stand with a *Butcher* for a small Lye, reply'd the *Old Player*, but I think 'tis a very odd Comparison between a Miller and Whore-master, the one being a gainer and the other a loser. Besides, he that steals a *Wench*, may be a true man for all that ; but he that steals Corn, steals the *Bread* of the *Commonwealth*. Again, he that steals *She-mutton* in *Petticoats*, steals on-ly

ly for his own Pleasure, but he that steals *Bread*, Rob the Guts of another. Besides, he that steals *Flesh*, often pays dearly for't, but the other steals every Day without satisfaction. In short, *Bread-stealing* is the much more Capital Crime; for what he steals, he puts in at his Head, but he that steals *Flesh* (as the *Dutch Author* says) puts it in towards the Foot (the lower member) and therefore stand off, or I'll give you a substantial Cuff on the Left side of your Lanthorn-Jaws.

And thus like *Rats* in *Tub* or *Barrel*,
Knaves of all sides do Fight and Quarrel.
Smithfield swarms with *Rats* like those,
 Who Cheat as well their Friends as Foes;
 But yet unite in all their maggots,
 As long and short Sticks do in Faggots.
 When Pay-Day comes, like *Rats* in Ship,
 They give their Landlords all the slip,
 And seldom stand a second Dunning,
 But at first Summons fall a Running.

The Whipping of the Blind Bears at Islington.

A certain *She-Bear* near *St. Jones's*, having whelp'd a Female-Cub of a prodigious size, and lick'd her into the Resemblance of a *Lyness*, (that is, in Conceit) nothing would content the old Ravenous *Beast*, but she must needs attempt to put the ill-shap'd *B—* into the *Lyon's Den*; but they shewing their Teeth at her Ugliness, and being ready to tear her in pieces with their Paws, she was forced to withdraw for a time; till being overloaded with Grease, she all on a sudden became so damnable proud, that breaking out of the Kennel, a certain mungrel Cur Lin'd her, and got her with Whelp; so that the *Bare-Garden* is like to be pester'd with a Litter of mungrel Cubs, to the unspeakable Vexation of the Old ones, who 'tis said have Roar'd themselves blind; which will occasion Whipping Doings about

Islington, and the North-West side of *London* in a little time: Therefore let all Officers concern'd in the *Bare-Garden*, look out sharp.

The MORAL.

This Fable shews to mortals great and small,
Tho' ne'er so high, yet Pride will have a Fall.
When base Ambition clime above its Sphere,
It brings such Fate as happen'd to the *Bare*:
Sometimes when Fortune proves to us most kind,
Like *Beasts* of Prey, our Reason then is blind.

The Rising of Paul's Steeple, and the Downfal of Popery.

As *Paul's* great Steeple does in height advance,
So down falls *Popery*, and the Power of *France*;
The *Scarlet Whore*, that *Brimstone B—h* of State,
Begins to dwindle in the Roles of Fate:
Her pockey Son's Clap'd with the Itch of *Pride*,
Like mounted *Beggars* to the *Devil* ride.
Her scabby Flock, Fleec'd of their Wealth and Sence,
Renounce their Country, Conscience, and their Prince;
Eat Waffer-Gods, (if such Food be their due)
We hope in time they'll eat the *Devil* too.
Down with such Trash, let *Paul's* Sword cut in Twain
Pretended *Peter's* bunch of Keys and Chain:
Let mighty *Anne* give the concluding stroke,
And let *Rome's* curst Epchantments all be broke.

Great News from Tripoly and Pensilvania.

This Day came an Express from *Pensilvania*, and another from *Tripoly*, which confirms the News that we receiv'd lately from those parts; viz. That the *Quakers* all over the World, are a Company of Hypocritical Cheats, and that their demure Locks and sanctified behaviour, is only the new Art of *Leger-de-main* to pick

pick your Pockets, by being at a Word with you. These Letters add, that a great Company of those Pretenders assembled together t'other Day in a Tamultuous manner near *Philadelphia Church*, and had certainly pull'd down the *Steeple*, but for fear of beating their Hats off; and made dreadful Complaints against the *Bells*, because the *Babylonians* had an Idol called by that Name.

They write from *Tripoly*, that it is better to be a Beggar than a Merchant; and the reason they give, is because all the World lies open to his Traffique, and yet pays no Custom; and that *English Women* love Fish better than Flesh, for they will have Place whatever they pay for it. That a man deep in Debt, ought to be deep in Drink, because *Bacchus* cancels all manner of Obligations. That marriage frees a man from Care, for his Wife takes all upon her self. That a *Shoemaker* is the fittest man to make a Constable, because he can put a man in the *Stocks*, and ease him at the *Last*: And that 'tis dangerous to marry a Widdow, because she has cast her Rider.

Letters of the same Date give an Account, that if a Woman with Child Long to Lie with another man, her Husband ought to give his Consent, otherwise she will do it without him; and that 'tis best for a *Papish Wench* to marry an Old man, for then she'll be sure to keep all Fasting Nights and Days too, for she must be forc'd to keep *Lent* all the Year.

They write from several Parts, That a painted Lady is the only Spouse for a *Captain*, because they may both fight under their own Colours: And that they have received Confirmation, that Rich Widdows were fore-ordain'd for younger Brothers; for that being born to no Lands, must plow in another man's *Soil*: And that a Prisoner is the best Fencer in the World, because he always lies upon a close Guard.

These Letters further add, That the most dangerous Secret may be safely kept in a Woman's Bosom, because

no wise man will search for it there: And that a *Tobacco-Shop* and a *Bawdy-House* are *Couzen Germans*, for *Smoke* is seldom without *Fire*: And that a *Covetous* man is a *Dog in a Wheel*, that toils to roast meat for other men's Eating.

Letters from *France* Advize, that if *Dreams* and *Wishes* had been all true, there had not since the Days of *Papery*, been one *Maid* left to make a *Nun* of; and that *Protestants* wear the Name of *C—s* for a Charm, as *Papists* do the *C—s*. We hear from Court, that *Truth* is the greatest News among 'em.

And thus the News from Foreign Parts comes ore,
To *States-man*, *Bully*, *Miss*, and *Common Whore*:
In various Terms, fresh Tidings to us come,
Of Wars Abroad, and just the same at Home;
We scold and bawl, nay, scratch and fight sometimes,
And often merit Hanging for such Crimes.

The Devil's Dead, and his Wife is turn'd Pawn-Broker.

This is brave News indeed! what the Devil dead; I am sure if this News comes confirmed in the next *Holland-Month*, we shall have a publick Day of Rejoicing for it all over *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*; nay, more than that, he that brings the first Tidings of it, by an Express to a certain great man, shall be as sure of a Gold-Chain as *Tyburn* is of a Thief: But you'll say that's not at all, because we've had a *Maiden-Sessions*. Nay, says an old *Basket-Woman* of *Billingsgate*, if that be all the Objection you can make, I believe the Devil's dead indeed, or else he's a cursed lazy one, and poor one too, otherwise he had never let such a pretty Cottage as *Tyburn* stand empty this Holiday-time, for want of hanging up a Sign.

Well, suppose the Devil is dead, says a Thievish (I was going to say Honest) Taylor in *Black Fryers*; if his

his Wife be turn'd Pawn-broker, 'tis the same thing as if her Husband was alive ; for a *Lucifer* in Petticoats is the worst *Devil* upon Earth, especially when she gets among the *Tally-men* and *Pawn-brokers* ; nay, there's hardly a worse in Hell than some of these black Cattle are already, for though they'll give you fine Words, even behind your *Back*, yet they'll cheat you to your Face without scruple of Conscience ; and under pretence of doing you a kindness in your Necessity, if you fail of Payment, rather than you shall keep your *Bed*, though never so sick, they'll very charitably take it from under you ; so that you need never fear of being bed-rid, as long as you have any Dealings with 'em.

If these sellers of Consciences do thus already, (says one mrs. *Few-Cloaths*) what will they do when the *Devil's* Wife opens her Shop ? There will be the Devil to do again, says a Pillory baker in *Newgate-street* ; no sooner one Devil's dead, but another starts up in his room like *Mushrooms*, seldom comes a better, as the old Proverb says : There's but a Lath-Wall between the Devil's Custom-House, and a Tally-man's *Wardrobe*. Like to like, as the Devil said to the Collier, never a barrel better Herring.

Well, Old *Lucifer* has left a Devilish Rich Widdow behind him sure, else he's made but a very bad use of his time. I'm sure he's had a very full Trade these Twenty Years last past : There will be old striving for this great Fortune, no doubt on't. I would willingly recommend her to an able Lawyer in the Temple, but that they are too near of Kin to make a match on't. There is a *Tally-man* not a mile off of *Aldgate*, who stands fairest for her, but two of a Trade will never agree ; besides, he's so plaguy Cunning, that he'll go near to cheat the Devil's Wife of her Jointure, and then her old Husband's Ghost will haunt them both ; which if so, who the Devil must be the Conjuror to lay him again ? Therefore I think *Bess-a-belzetub* had better con-

tinue a Widdow, for she'll make the *Devil of a Wife*.

And there's too many such damn'd matches,
 Keeping Husbands under Hatches ;
Proving such a dismal Curse,
 The *Devil's* Widdow can't be worse ;
 And if *Old Nick* be really dead,
Such Wives as those Reign in his stead.

A certain *Old Woman* near *Newcastle upon Tyne*, having a Great-bellied *Cat*, who she thought was big with Kitten, on *Friday* was sevensnight last, to her wonderful Amazement found poor *Puss* in Labour of a strange *Monster*, which her charitable and good-natur'd Nurse, in meer compassion to her sufferings, deliver'd the Languishing Caterwaller of an uncommon burthen, which was half a Mag-pie and half a Cat ; that is to say, from the Head to the Wings a perfect Resemblance of that chattering bird, but from thence to the Tail a perfect *Cat*, with four Legs, a long Tail, and every member suitable to that *Creature* ; only with this difference, instead of Hair it had a kind of Downy Feathers all over it, exactly mark'd with white and black as mag-pies generally are, to the wonder and amazement of all that see it. The poor *Cat* no sooner was disburthen'd of this monstrous Animal, but she immediately expired, to the great Grief of the old *Woman* her mistress, who 'tis thought will not long survive her, by reason of the great Affection she bore to her dear *Puss* when living.

This monstrous Accident has occasion'd various speculations all over the *North of Great-britain*, and no doubt will produce the same Effect in the *South*, as soon as it is brought to *London*.



F I N I S.

Life.

ha-
ith
ful
ge
se,
an-
ch
om
nat
ect
er
n-
er
ge-
at
of
d,
f,
of
li-

ee.
no
on